THE COMPLAINT OF CHRISTMAS. AND THE TEARES OF TWELFETYDE.

By IOHN TAYLOR.

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UMI

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To the most mighty, much vnworthy honored, and to the *Right Rich-worshipped disworshipped, & to the al-to-much powerfull and respected; the miserable Money-mongers & Mammonists, whose hatefull habitations are within the bounds of* Europe *or the Pales of* Christendome; Christmas *sends Greeting.*

TAke it as you please you Almighty makers of Beggers, you prouokers of Theeues

To the most Right and truely honorable, to the Rightly approued and deseruingly beloued, right Worshipfull, and to the Rest of the final number of Liberall and Charitable Housekeepers of Christendome; old Christmas sends louing Commendations.

YOu that are thicke sowne and

To the Profuse *Sardanapallitanians*, most famous Infamous *Heliogabalonians*, the compleat companie of Cockbrain'd whimsie-pated Gul-Gallants, the intēperate prodigals and abusiuely nicknam'd and cald either Honorable, worshipful honest, wise, or any stile or title that hath a relish of Commendations.

BRaue Sparks *haue amōgst you, though*

and

and encreasers of Vagabõds; I, I my selfe, old *Christmas* (without feare or flattery, proclaimes your base entertainment, are you all turn'd Fox-fur'd, Goldfinches Wolues, Cormorants, Caterpillers, & Curmudgeans? Hath the diuel & the world so besotted and bewitched you, that you will wilfully spend your dayes miserably, to end your liues detestedly? will you liue poore to dye rich? will you empty your consciences, to fill your bagges? and will you pinch your bellies to starue your soules? Hee that should haue told mee for

thin come vp, as if the world were barren of vertue, or past breeding of Goodnesse: you that are as rare as Phenixes, as scarce as black Swans or white Negroes, and as much to be held in admiration as Snow in Iuly, Strawberries in December, the Sunshine at Midnight, or a blazing Starre at Noone: I assure you my beare worthy Benefactors, that I your ancient and yeerly Guest (Christmas,) am heartily sorry to see your quondam number so much shrunke in the wetting; and although you are faine into that lamentable con-

Christmas *be old, yet you shall perceiue that hee neither feares your Toledoes, Bilboes, or Steelettoes; I know that each of you haue more shadow than substance, more tongue than truth, and more haire than wit, though many of you be bald or beardlesse. You that haue Rot'd away your Land, Whor'd away your money, and Scor'd away your credits; that with often vnnaturall going to bed at Sun-rising, and rising at supper time to breakefast, by turning the course of time out of his naturall circumuolution; as the day into night, and the night into day, like Owles, Bats,*

fiue hundred yeares ago, that Chriſtmas and Hoſpitalitie ſhould haue bin thus vnregarded and ſleighted, I ſhold haue held him for a lying Prophet, and a falſe Prognoſticator. Oh mad and brutiſh age, wherein the auarice of one is the preiudice of thouſands; when the Coach eates vp the Cart, the Backe robs the Belly, when the Perfumes, crewels, cullifſes and the Caſtingbottle, makes a warme Chamber and a cold Kitchin; Know you thick skin'd Hide-bound

ſumption that I with my friends fauourers and followers, may ſcarce finde the tythe of my former entertainment: yet (to ſhew my thankefull memory to your worthy predeceſſors,) with my gratefulneſſe to you (too few) that are furtherers, and to encourage a fruitfull ſpring, encreaſe or multiplication of your ſucceſſors. I ſend to you this my louing & friendly Epiſtle, praying in your diſcretions, hold the commendable and golden meane way betwixt the two extreame

and Glowormes, are monſters againſt nature, that pay more for the making of your clothes, then for the making, giuing twice as much for the cutting as for the ſowing; whoſe exerciſe is drinking and dicing, and whoſe grace is ſwearing; who entertaine old Chriſtmas *with Gluttony and Ebriety, with the ill gotten expences of thiuery, cheating, vnthriftie borrowing, vnmeaſurable exhauſting, vnmercifull oppreſsing, or any vnlawfull obtaining; Know, all the whole kennell*

Chuffes,

Chuffes, that you are hated of God & men, yea your owne childrē or heires (for whom you rake and raine) doe inwardly curse & hate you, and know, that what most vilely you get ouer the diuels backe, your inheritours will as wickedly spend vnder his Dammes belly. What a shame it is (if you had the grace to see it) that you shold giue your mindes to liue vpon the vnnaturall lecherie and engendring of money, that all the meate you eate in your

Gulphs of Niggerality and prodegality, betwixt hunger & Gluttony, betwixt Hide all & Spend all, betwixt wilful Slauery and wastefull Brauery. I wish most vnfeignedly that the dew of Heauen may descend blessedly, that you may fructifie, multiply fruitfully, encrease and amplifie, like the tree which Nabuchadnezar dreampt of, whose toppe reach'd to Heauen, and whose branches extended and stretch'd to the ends of the Earth: you haue the Celestiall Graces; your Hope is constant,

er lister of you, that I scorne you and your surfeiting welcome: let me perswade you to be wiser hereafter, and not to keepe mee company in such prodigall manner, that you must be forced to fare the worse all the yeere after: Let it not bee imputed to mee, that I and my company did in twelue dayes, eate vp that which shold haue lasted 365. The old Prouerb saith Enough is a feast, *and as you loue to feast, so haue no more then enough, lest to much feasting perforce, doe*

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owne houses is the accursed spawnes of oppression, extortion, bribery, and insatiat couetousnes: and yet some of you keepe no houses at all, but pinch your owne and your families guttes at home, when at other mens boords you are tirants, where you turne the old custome backeward, and instead of keeping *Christmas*, you (like droues) make *Christmas* keepe you; but take it for a warning, let me not finde it so the next yeere; for if I do, I will send you such guests as shall neuer forsake you;

your Faith is fervent, your Charity is frequent: your Hope is in assurance of that neuer failing possession wherein the vnblasted tree of your Faith is firmely fixed and rooted; and your Charity is the pious fruit which springs from that faithfull Tree. And he that with his Grace doth plant it, water it, and cause it to increase, will crowne his own gifts on your heads, that are his beloued instruments; not onely here, with blessings transitory and temporall, but hereafter with that vn-

breed and engender to much fasting spight of your teeth. Finally, Know, that I dee come euery yeere in memory of a great blessing, and I would not haue your wakefull prosperitie to turne that blessed time of Remembrance into an accursed vse of impious blasphemie, and worse then Heathenish, Paganish, Bacchanalliall Beastiallitie. So wishing euery of you to vse your best endeuours each one to mend one, I leaue you till the next yeere, in small hope to haue

as

To the Miserable.

as the Dropsie, Gout, collick, the Stone, & the like kinde tokens of my iust anger, which you shall receiue as most worthy & deserued New-yeeres-guifts.

Your friend or foe, as you hereafter vse him, Christmas.

To the Liberall.

speakable glory which was, is, and shall bee permanent and eternall.

Yours in the best of friendship,

Christmas.

To the Profuse.

my request granted.

No way your friend, till you mend your manners,

Christmas.

THE COMPLAINT OF *CHRISTMAS.*

ABout that time of the yeare when Skie-gilding, and Earth-poliſhing *Don Phœbus* had (like a skilfull Clothworker) ſtretch'd the nights vpon the longeſt Tenterhookes of time, and curtold the dayes to the coldeſt abreuiation, or a brieſe coldneſſe, (an embleme of frozen charity:) I, *Chriſtmas*, according to my old cuſtome of 1600. yeares ſtanding, viſited the world; and like a quick Poſt, riding vpon the wings of full ſpeed, in ten dayes ſpace I haunted the moſt Kingdomes and Climates of the Chriſtian world. I was in the ſtewing-Stoues of Ruſſia, Muſcouia, Pollonia, Sweauia, Hungaria, Auſtria, Bohemia, Germania, and ſo many other num-cold teeth-gnaſhing Regions, that if I ſhould name them all, I ſhould ſtrike the Readers into ſuch a ſhiuering, and indanger their wits and bounties with a perpetuall dead palſie or Apoplexie: In the moſt of theſe places my cheere and entertainment was Pilchards, Anchouies, Pickled-Herring, white and red dried Sprats, Neats tongues, Stockfiſh, hang'd Beefe, Mutton, raw Bacon, Brand-wine, (alias Aqua vitæ) Tantablins, durty Puddings, and Flapdraggons ſowſd and ca-

rowſd with Balderdaſh. Indeed moſt of their diet is ſo well ſeaſoned, that the men doe naturally ſweat ſalt, and the women doe weepe brine: and I noted that they neuer watered either their ſalteſt fiſh or fleſh in any other veſſels than their bellies, which was an exceeding policie to vent their Mault, and a ſtratagem to make Saltpeeter of their Vrin.

In Spain and Italy I was welcom'd in many great *Dons* and Magnificoes houſes, with three Alphabets of ſallads at one meale, but all the meat vpon fiue of their tables would ſcarce giue a zealous Puritan his ſupper on good Friday. I haue ſeene a hungry Signeor or Clariſſimo eat a truſſe of Samphire, with his forke like a Prenge or Pitch-forke toſſing it into the hay-loft of his chaps, as if his mouth had beene an Hoſtry: In a word, I perceiued that what either the Italian or Spaniard doth want in glu.tony and drunkenneſſe, he takes out his ſhare in pride and lechery with more extortion than threeſcore in the hundred. So (amongſt their multiplicity of ſawces) I leaue them like ſawcie companions.

Being at *Rome* I was mightily feaſted, for they thought nothing too hot, too heauy, or too deare for me: I met there with no ſects of dull or cinicall *Diogenaſes*, there was no parſimonious banquets, or Phyloſophicall kinde of feaſting, I found not a man that was not halfe a Doctor, and was well skild in Kitching Phyſicke, and they knew that roots and fountaine water would breed Crudities, therefore if they eat any, it was Potatoes, Skerrets, or Eringoes, bak'd with the luſhious pulpe, pith or linings of the marrow-bones of hee Goats, or luſty Rammes.

Vitellius or *Heliogabalus* could not haue bid mee better welcome than theſe charitable minded men did: I muſed at it; but at laſt I conſidered that his holineſſe with all his Cardinals and Clergie, were like Millers, and had toll out of all the kingdomes of Chriſtendome, and that they had Mines of gold and ſiluer in Purgatory, (and it is thought that

that the Philoſophers ſtone is there,) which was more ſafely brought into the treaſury, than the King of *Spaines* Ships can come from the Weſt Indies. (for Purgatory is a Country which the Sea-ſowſd pickled Hollander neuer yet diſcouered.) Indeed we did out-Epicure the Epicure, and made Epicuriſme ſeeme ſobriety, both in meat, muſicke, perfumes, maſques, or any thing that might with delight fill the fiue ſenſes, or cinque-ports of man.

For recreation I went to viſit the leane Carthuſian Friers, whom I no ſooner beheld, but me thought I ſaw ſo many Deaths heads, or *Memento mories*, a man might haue told their ribs like ſo many ragged laths, their looks were almoſt as ſharp as a hatchet: a good Anatomiſt might haue diſcerned them onely by the eye without inciſion: For how could it be otherwiſe with them, that all their whole life time feed vpon flegmaticke fiſh; fiſh, fiſh, nothing but fiſh. Sometimes perhaps they taſted *Caueare*, Potarbots, or Anchouies, which they waſh'd downe with the ſuds of Sacke: Then they had Almond Butter, a few blew Figges, and Reiſins of the Sunne to make vp a ſtarueling meale; but I obſerv'd one thing in this Frier whom I faſted withall, he would eat no poore *Iohn*, or offer to *catch* a Ling by the Pole, but he lou'd a well growne Place exceeding well, prouided, it were well buttered: he neuer would goe to bed without a Cods head, for Maids hee fed hungerly vpon them, but as for Soles hee trod them vnder his feet. Hee gaue me a diſh of fiſh, dreſt (as he ſaid) with the ſame oyle that was made of the Olives that grew vpon Mount Oliuet the laſt time my great Lord and Maſter was there; which I beleeu'd to be as true as Saint *Iohn Baptiſt* had two heads, or Saint *Dennis* hauing his owne head cut off, did take it vp in his hands and carry it more than a mile. I gaue my Frier the hearing, and the eating of ſome of his fiſh to boot, but I was very parſimonious and frugall of beleefe, and indeed I could not ſpare or affoord him any.

At last I grew so bold with him, with whom I dined that day, as to aske him the reason why he and the rest of his order did neuer eat flesh; he answered me, that it was in honour of S. *Peter*, because he was a fisher-man: by the same substantiall reason, I repli'd you might (for the honor of S. *Paul*) dwell in Tents, for he was a tent-maker. But there is a great mystery, or misery in it, that men should hold opinion that a man cannot go towards heauen with as good a conscience hauing the leg or wing of a Capon in his belly, as he might doe with the Cob of a red Herring. For Reuerend Sir, quoth I, you are a carnall man though you eat nothing but fish, for you must vnderstand that there is
1 Corin. 15. *a flesh of fishes*: besides, as there are beasts on the land, so there is a Sea-horse, a Sea-calfe, a Sea-oxe, and the like; and further you know, *That whatsoeuer goes into the mouth doth not defile the man*: but he would not heare on that side, but praied me to feed and stop my mouth of such as the blessed Virgin and the Saints had sent him, (indeed I heard him not talke of God at all.) So my belly being more full of his talke than his cheere, I tooke my leaue thankfully of him, bidding him heartily farewell, which he could hardly doe hauing no better diet.

In *France* I found a great deale more meat and lesse sawce, but the most part of the Mounsiers were sawcie enough of themselues. Indeed the entertainment I had there, made me halfe amazed; for I thought the people themselues had beene so many sacrifices to me, the men (for the most part) the Gallants I meane, were in the most bittterest of winter cut and slash'd and carbonadoed into Rashers, Collops, Steakes, and Spitchcocks; that it was no more but cast a handfull of salt vpon a Gentleman, and hee was ready for the broyling. Their Pride would haue out-fac'd the cold of *Cawchasus* may, had they beene vnder the frozen Zone, they would haue shewed their linnen thorow the slippets of their sleeues, breasts and shoulders, the heat of the fashion warm'd them, although their teeth chatterd in their heads.

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The women were well-fac'd creatures, (but like our melancholly Gentlemen, who are in danger of a man-catching Serieant) they seem'd afraid to shew their faces, and therefore they hid their heads in blacke bagges, like Lawyers declarations; the difference is, that the Ladies bagge is silke, and the Lawyers Buckrum.

There euery Peasant keepes his wife like a Hawke (for they all weare Hoods) and a paire of old English Boots will hood a brace of them from generation to generation: and I obseru'd that the miserable Country people durst not eat their owne Beefe or Mutton (except the tripes and offall) for there is a penalty laid vpon them if they bring not their best to the Markets, either of Beast or Bird; the Gallant Mounsiers haue a prerogatiue to haue all the Geese, Guls, and Woodcocks that the Country yeelds, the Buzzards, Widgeons, and Cuckoos are for the Cities diet onely, but the Partridge, Pheasant and Peacocke are Courtiers.

I had almost forgotten some particularities which I obserued in *Germany*, for I perceiued they had beene mad Gamesters at vi'd Ruffe almost ouer all the Empire: the most of them had wrangled and played foule play, for *Hypocrisie* shuffled, and *Cruelty* cut, Ambition rubd, and Oppression wonne the game, whilest Royall and reall Vertues were meerely cheated and abused: Clubs being trumpe wanne the Sett by fraud and force, the Spades and Diamonds assisting them, so that the *Harts* onely suffered, whilest Kingdomes, Principalities, and many faire Lordships lay at stake for't.

Descending into the Low-Countries, or *Netherlands*, the *Dutch* States feasted mee in state; and comming to *Amsterdam*, where there are almost as many heresies as Nations, I was indifferently bid welcome by most of the Sectaries, but I was most villainously vs'd (rather abus'd) by a prick-ear'd Puritan, whose beard was warp'd like greene Wainscot, or a capitall S. (I thinke it stood as many wayes as a Sea-mans Compasse.) Hee was a Cobler or

Translater by his trade; and comming to him I found his shop open, and he a mending of a bad or wicked soale of a zealous sisters who had often trod awry, and his brotherly function was to patch or peece her vpright; but in sincerity I perceiued the Cobler was crafty, and wrought altogether to his owne *ends*. I mused at his little respect of me, because he was at worke, and telling him that I was come to dine with him, and keepe Holy-day: hee ask'd me my name, and I told him my name was *Christmas*. At the very name of *Masse*, he leap'd from me like a *Squirrell*, as nimbly as if he had had neither gut in his belly, or stone in his breech. And hauing recouered himselfe, hee stop'd both his eares, for feare my name the second time should strike him: hee told me that the *Masse* was prophane, and so were all the dayes in the yeare that ended with the word *Masse*, as Candle-*masse*, Lam-*masse*, Michael-*masse*, Martle-*masse*, and that some Papist had beene my Godfather; therefore he would haue nothing to doe with mee. It is abomination (said he) and the mimicke solemnizing of this hell-borne superstition was borrowed (or stolne) from the Heathens; therefore there was one said well when hee called the Synagogue, or sinfull Assembly, or frie of Friers at the *Masse*, the kingdome of Apes, for there is such mopping and mowing, such crossing and creeping, such ducking and nodding, that any reasonable man would thinke they were mad; besides, the Priest hath more postures than six Fencers, as if he were at quarter-staffe with his Breaden god, that I am perswaded the God of heauen hold them in derision, and their Seruice to be rather masquing or mummery than Diuine; therefore, I say, the *Masse* is prophane; and so art thou, therefore with me thou gett'st no entertainment.

Thus was poore *Christmas* welcom'd like *Iacke Drum* and thrust out of doores; yet I suspected his hypocriticality spake all vs inuectiuely against the *Masse*, that he might (with the more cunning and lesse suspect) defend what was

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ill in himselfe and be held the more deuout, (much like as one Whore or Theefe should reuile and scandall another) for howsoeuer he prated, I thought him a Rascall, that would imploy himselfe about his trade on such a *day* as was celebrated in the memory of the birth of our glorious Redeemer, God and Man, *Iesus Christ*, which was the happiest day that mortality euer beheld: for in our Creation God shewed his power, but in our Redemption his vnspeakeable loue and mercy: therefore this day should bee kept holy in remembrance of him that is the Holy of Holiest.

That day wee haue escaped any danger, we celebrate with all ioy and mirth, and shall this day bee put to prophane vses whereon our inestimable ransome was giuen vs, that on this day put on mortality to make vs immortall, that on this blessed day did put off his vnspeakable glory, and put on our insupportable misery, thereby to make vs eternally glorious; that on this day came to conquer and confound the power of our conquerors, Sinne, Death, and Hell, and to free vs from perpetuall malediction.

Saint *Austin* (that blessed Lamp, and Angelicall Doctor of the Church) did with great thankfulnes celebrate his birthday, saying, *Let vs so celebrate the day of our birth, that we may giue thankes to God who would haue vs to be borne that we might be consecrated to himselfe.*

Also *Pharaoh* and *Herod* did not omit the celebration of the dayes of their natiuities. At the birth of a young Prince the Bels doe clamour the ioy of the people, the great Ordinance doe thunder out their reioycings, the Bonefires doe manifest mens feruent affections: Why not then on this happiest day, whereon our chiefest happinesse came, this great day when the Angell of the great Counsell came to make our eternall peace betweene God and man; oh let vs then for his sake be merry in God, and charitable to our neighbours, let vs feast with thankfulnesse, and releeue

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with alacrity those impouerish'd members, of whom our glorious Redeemer is the head.

But you Master *Confuse* the Puritan, who are a Weathercocke, Shittlecocke, a right *Laodician*, neither hot or cold, fit to be cast out of all good society of Christendome, or to be perpetually *Amster-damnified* into *Holland*; your sincerity being void of verity; your *Faith* vnfruitfull of good works, your *Hope* Innouation, your *Charity* Inuisible, or like a *Nouum Adinstinu*, not to be seene, felt, heard, or vnderstood.

I arriued in *England* the 25. of *December*, about one of the clocke in the morning, where I was no sooner landed, but (as old as I was) I cut a caper for ioy, assuring my selfe that I was now in my ancient Harbour or heauen of happinesse, in the *Eden* of the Earth, the Paradice of Terrestriall Peace, Plenty and Pleasure, the most fruitfull Garden of the rotundious *Globe*, the comfortable *Canaan*, that flowest with Milke and Hony. And as thou (O *England*) hast euer giuen old *Christmas* (with his twelue Holy-day Seruingmen) good entertainment, with such cheere, hospitality, and welcome, as the Christian world neuer hath done the like. So (I obseruing the ancient Prouerbe) where I was wont to fare well am come againe.

I hauing beene foure houres wrapt in this extasie of ioy of my safe landing, at last I heard Master Chantecleere (the nights lining Clocke, or Cocke, and the dayes dyall) with the eare-piercing clang of his Horne-trumpet, crow out a Proclamation of the approach of *Aurora*; which I was glad to heare, for poore *Christmas* was as cold as a Snow-ball. Day being risen out of his orientall bed (the blacke Curtaines of the night being drawne) I look'd vp and downe the Country to see into which house I should goe first, for I saw many faire houses which I had often beene well entertained at; but I could perceiue no doores open no lights thorow the windowes, or smoake from the Chimnies, which made mee doubtfull where I was. My

poore

poore twelue old fellowes were halfe frozen with feare and amazement, till (by meere fortune) I ſpi'd a ſwarme of Beggers, who made towards vs, bidding vs very welcome, ſaying, they had miſt vs long, acknowledging themſelues beholding to vs all, but chiefly to me.

Not much to me (quoth I) but I remember there is a Lords of the Mannours houſe at the end of this Village, I will goe thither, and doe you come after me, and anon I will giue you your bellies full of good cheere. So the Beggers and I parted, and I with my men went to the Lords houſe, where finding the gate ſhut, I peep'd in at the Key-hole, ſaw an old poore halfe-ſtaru'd Seruingman leane againſt the wall, bewailing the miſeries of the time preſent, and grieuing at the alterations of the time paſt, deſpairing of the amendment of the time to come. I was halfe afraid of him dreading that inſtead of better meat he would fall aboord of mee and my troope; at laſt, ſeeing me retreat backe, he beckened to me, and watering euery word with a teare, he ſpake to mee as followeth:

An old Seruingmans complaint to Chriſtmas.

Oh *Chriſtmas*, old reuerend *Chriſtmas*! whither art thou going? What haſte art thou now making to this houſe, where hoſpitality had once her habitation; where the poore man was relieued, the ſtranger ſuccoured, the traueller refreſh'd, and all men bid welcome? Why art thou making ſuch haſte now? Now it is decayed, ruined, ſunke. This houſe that from the Conqueſt hath beene famous for Hoſpitality, is now buried in her owne ruins. Looke round about thee, where are now thoſe high woods that did ſhelter this houſe from the winds violence? Now they are low enough, the woodmans axe hath humbled their proud heads. Looke into the Parks: Deere may be deare now, for there are very few there: My yonng-Maſter not long ſince cloſed them in a Paſte Pale, in a Taueme, where they were hunted by a company of fawning flattering hounds. Looke into

the Meddowes, doſt thou ſee an Oxe there? No, no; they are all driuen to the Citie. Is there a Calfe or Sheepe in the Paſtures? no, they are all knockt on the head, and haue their throats cut, hauing Parchment made of their skinnes to make him bonds after hee had ſold their fleſh. Looke into the Garden, is there a Bee-hiue there? no, all the honey-birds are fled, and the Waxe ſpent in ſealing Bonds for Commodities. Looke about the Yard, there is not a Ducke, Chicken, Hen or Capon to be ſeene? not a Gooſe to be had? they are all pluckt, and haue pens made of their quils to ſet his hand to his vndoing. Looke into the Barne, there is not ſo many Eares to be found there as there are on a common Bailies head; or ſo much Corne in the Garners as will breakfaſt a Chicken. O *Chriſtmas, Chriſtmas*, my old eyes are almoſt bloodſhot with weeping at the follies of my yong Maſter, who inſtead of making his Chymneyes ſmoake in the Countrey, makes his note ſmoake in a Tobaceo-ſhop in the Citie. His Predeceſſours was wont to inuite his Tenants to dinner, but now he hath more neede to be inuited himſelfe; which his Quondam Tenants are not able to doe, for their new Landlord hath vſed them like Traytors, and ſet them on the Racke. Inſtead of keeping a good houſe in the Countrey, ſome blinde houſe in the City keepes him: Inſtead of keeping a kennell of hounds, he is afraid to be fed on by hounds; hee dares not looke a Sericant in the face, for feare he ſhould bite him by the ſhoulder. Inſtead of keeping a faire Stable of horſe, hee keepes a ſoule Table of —— Rauenous beaſts that at one riotous ſupper will deuoure more than the Paris-Garden dogs. Inſtead of keeping a proper Serving-men, he hath much adoe to keepe himſelfe; and whereas hee ſhould walke in his owne gardens in the Country, he walks the Temple garden in the City: and laſt of all he thinks *Milford-Lane* as ſafe a harbour for him as *Milford* Hauen. Oh

Chriſt-

Christmas, is it not pitty that such an ancient house as this where Hospitality, the *Romans* houshold God dwelt, should thus decay? An old Vsurer in the deepe whirle-pit of his ill conscience, hath deuoured my young Masters house and lands. Thus haue I vnballanced my selfe of that burthen of griefe I was laden with, if you will not beleeue me draw nigh the house; the doore is open for this old penny-father (whom I am forced to serue) need feares no theeues, for they rather feare him: for if they see any thing in this house now worth carrying away, they haue better eyes than euer I had.

The complaint of this poore Seruingman was but an ill breakfast for me and my company that cold morning; yet I and my Comrades went along with him thorow the yard, which look'd much of his complexion, very leane; and I no sooner was in the house but I fell into a swound: so that had it not beene for those that were about me I had departed; for they gaue me hot waters, and rubb'd my temples, and at last, with much adoe, brought me to my selfe; so that then I purposed, what sight soeuer should poyson my eyes, I would make a full survey of all the chiefe parts of the house. *Note.*

The wide roome that I first set my foot in, was rather like the hole of some lothsome laile, than the Hall of an House: Indeed it rather was a hell where a damnable extorting Diuell dwelt with a few spirits about him. I may properly call them spirits, for they had little flesh about them. There was not so much fire in the Chimney as would broyle a Pilcher, for his Harth was as cold as my heart. *Christmas survey thorowout the house. The Hall.*

The *Blacke-lacke* whom euery Seruingman in the house was wont to wring by the eare, for being too sawcie with them, (for hee often would fling them into the fire, and make them quarrell without cause) was cast aside in a blinde corner. This spright of the Buttery, (that would runne foaming at the mouth vp and downe *The lacke.*

the house as being weary of trauelling) was lamentably abused; this leather-suited Seruingman (whom the Butler had often pitch'd ouer the Barre) I saw lye in a darke corner on his belly, with his mouth wide open like a Canon, as it were gaping for that full Charge hee was wont to haue in his old Master's time. Thus lay he sleeping in a hole that had made many sleepe.

The Tables. The Tables (that were wont to be spread with cleane Linnen, Diaper and Damaske for the rich, and homespunne for the poore,) were now couered with dust, and a company of shau'd Mice and Rats, that for want of crummes were scarce able to crawle out of their nests, supplyed the places of many guests, that were wont to fill them, in the time of bounteous housekeepers.

I haue knowne the time when I haue seene a Gentleman Sewer (that Captaine-like led a company of Seruingmen bare, or bare Seruingmen) armed with full dishes of meat, and the Clerke of the Kitching, the Clerke of that stomackfull Band bringing vp the Reare, that in a quarter of an houres warning, would performe a braue peece of seruice, and spite of hunger and famine place the right worshipfull sir-loyne at the vpper end of the Table, attended by two sawcers of Vineger and Pepper, that waited on him like his Pages. I had almost forgot the stiffe-neck'd colerick Collor of Brawn, that boldly charg'd on the Front with his sprig of Rosemary on his head, instead of a white feather, like a Bride-bush: but if these stout Captaines, Brawne and burly Beefe could not take downe the stomackes of those that did assault them with their sleighted blades, instantly vpon the Reare would come whole troopes of hot souldiers, as Capons, Hens, Lambe, Mutton and Veale to their rescue, and after them whole compan'es of wilde-fowle would come flying to their succour; many tender-hearted Chicken haue I seene torne in peeces in these terrible con-

Mince-pies were quite forgot, also plum-broth

flicts,

flicks, many plumpe Partriges and Quailes that could not quaile their stomacks.

Often haue I seene the dogges (that could doe more than many Knights of the Post) fall together by the eares for bones, the well fill'd guests haue flung vnder the Tables to them. I haue seene the wide throated Vther of the Hall, that tooke no small pride to cry Gentlemen and Yeomen to the Dresser, fill the Almes-basket with meat and bread well sopp'd with the fat of wholesome powder Beefe. I haue seene these windowes stucke full of Holly and Iuy, but now the laborious Spider, that most skilfull Spinner and Weauer, that in his nets intraps the silly Flie, as artificially as the Spider-like Trades-man doth the young Gentleman, hath his Loomb-worke hanging in euery window, not fearing the house-wiues Broome.

Last of all, this *Hall* haue I seene strewed with rushes, a signe of the soft and kinde entertainment the guests should haue: I haue seene a Lord of Misrule, that with his honest mirth hath made old *Christmas* laugh: I haue seene Armour, Swords, and Pikes adorne this *Hall*, which seemed to defend and ayd Hospitality, but now there is no such Starre appeares, no such sight seene, and I feare, I am growne so old and dimme, that I shall neuer see it againe.

From the Hall, I made a step into the *Buttery*, but the thirsty Butler could not make me drinke: he could not entertaine me as a man would doe a dogge, which is with a crust. But the Seruingman told me, because his Master would not be thought prodigall, bought his Beere and Bread at the next Alehouse. Instead of Plate, I saw a company of old Peuterpots, which (though they had no leakes) very seldome did hold any Beere in them. The Bynne grew musty for want of vse, and the Chipping-knife rusty for want of exercise. The Butler was not many crums the better for all the Bread that came into *Buttery.*

the house in a weeke, for he had not so many chippins to his fees, as would breakfast a Mouse; or so much waste Beere, as would dround a flye.

As for Cards and Dice that were wont to be as good to the Butler as a ten pound Coppy-hold, the Master held prophane; for hee held the one were the Diuels Bookes, the other Witches bones; therefore vnlawfull to be read, or followed. I was going downe into the Celler, but I thought it in vaine to descend so loe, seeing so little drinke stirring about.

Kitchen. Seeing I could not quench my thirst in the Buttery, I made bold to see if I could breake my fast in the *Kitchin*, which had not so many Seacoles or Wood sticks as would roast three ribbes of a racke of Mutton: then saw I the Master Cooke (that now was not able to licke his owne fingers) turne the leane spit; so that now he was both Cooke and Scullion. The Dripping-pannes and Kettles kept many a scouring, which indeede was good husbandry in their owner, for too much vse would make the Kettles looke thinne, and too much scouring the Spits to sharpe. The Quen that had wont to looke as blacke in the mouth as a Tobacco-pipe, and as hot as a Maquanella that drinkes nothing but Aquavitæ, was now coole enough; hee could not now complaine of any hart-burning, or of the vnkindnesse of the Cooke that oftentimes did surfet him with filling his belly to full, and cramming him vp to the mouth with Pastics, and bak'd meats. The Dresser-boord look'd as leane as a cookes shop in the time of the forty fasting dayes. The Cellericke Cooke that in times past would out of his fury scald the breakfast beggers, as they stood cutting slices of roast Beefe off from the Spit, and boyld out of the pot, now was as tame as a Water-man in a great frost, as a Player in a great plague. Hee told me that hee had not one quarter of Beefe in the Kitchin, for a quarter of a yeare together; so that now he could not be beholding

holding to the Butler for his Ladle of Beere, or the Butler to him for a trencher of meat: for the one was almost chok'd for want of liquor, and the other starv'd for want of meat.

There was one sight did much afflict me, and that was the *Iacke*, which in former times did rule the roast, and hindred many poore mens children from the warme office of turne-broches. It neede was a bountifull time since a Dogge in the wheele, and the *Iacke* in the Mantle-tree began to turne the Spit; for they began first to turne Hospitality out of doores. But the fault is in our English Brewers, that Dutch-men haue such deuices in their sconces, for if they did not tunne vp so many barrels of our Brittanian Barly-broth in their buckingtub-bellies, their Geometricall pates could neuer finde out such vncharitable Engines. *The Iacke on the Mantletree.*

Being weary of the Kitchen, I tooke *Lacquais de Coque* by the fingers and bad him be of good cheere (if hee could get any meate to his dinner) and I went into the *Larder*, that was wont to looke as fat as a Tripe-wife; but now, the coppy of that louely complexion was changed, for I haue knowne when the smell of it (as a man past by) would haue giuen him his breakfast, but now would not yeeld so much as would stay a mans stomacke while dinner time: It was faine much away since I saw it last, by reason of his thin dyet: so I forsooke the Larder, and went into the *Dairie*. *Larder.* *Dairie.*

As soone as I came in I saw the Boles whelm'd vpon each other backes, like so many men that lay heapt vp in one graue in a time of Pestilence: They lay on the ground as if they mourn'd for their emptinesse. The Cherne stood behinde the doore, as if it were asham'd of it selfe; for whereas hee was wont to haue his mouth butter'd more then any Flemmings, now he was as *leane as any Spaniards*. The Cheese-presse, that like a Cockney loued to feede on Curds and congeal'd milke into

Welch-

Welchmens roasted meate, stood close against the wall, as if it had beene loath I should haue seene it: and to be plaine with you, there was not so much Cheese to be seene as would baite a Mouse-trap, or so much Butter as would make a toste for a Citizens sonne. There was not a timerous fearefull Custard to be seene, whose nature is to quake if your teeth doe but water at him.

Thus looking into euery corner of the house below-staires (as narrowly as if I had beene some enquiring Constable, and had warrant for the search) but finding no such thing as I expected, vp staires went I and all my sorrowfull associates, and looking into a withdrawing-Chamber I saw the old Mammon himselfe sitting ouer a few Cinders to warme his gowtie toes, for no other part did needs the comfort of a fire, for from head to foot, he was furr'd like a Muscouite. Instead of a Bible he had a Bond in his hand; which hee was diligently perusing to see if it were forfeit or no: his face very seldome did looke vpward, for his dull melancholy eyes was most commonly fix'd on the earth, as if he were looking out for a Myne: He kept his eyes continually tack'd at his girdle, one hand alwayes on them, as if he feard they would runne from him and vnlocke his Chest for those that would doe more good with his bagges, than he himselfe euer had. He was like the Poets Euclio that feard euery man that did but looke towards his house, came to rob it: for he no sooner cast his Ospray eyes on me and my company, but hee cried, Theeues, Theeues, as lowd as his hoarse throat could croake it out, brauing his poore seruants, telling them they had let in fellowes to rob him: so to stop this Hell-hounds mouth, I spake to him as followeth.

The discription of the Vsurer.

Sir, feare not, there are none here that intend to hurt you: if you catch any it must be your selfe that must doe it to your selfe, and not we. My name is *Christmas*, these gray-hair'd men that are with me, are men of my neere

and

and deere acquaintance, these poore men in their patch'd cloaks, poore people that wish well to me: all true men, though poore men; and we come to you for a few daies, hoping of a free entertainment; if it is not your pleasure to welcome vs as your Guests, it is not our part to force it.

This old Penny-father look'd as sowre on me, as if I had brought him a Privy-Seale to borrow money of him, or a Subpœna out of the Exchequer for extortion: and in briefe told me, that I was an imposture, and onely came to entice the people to prodigality and expence: and as for the poore, he had nothing to doe with them, for he was poore himselfe.

Poore your selfe, said I, 'tis true; for how can you be rich, that neuer thinke you haue enough. In this you shew your selfe most vnnaturall, for Nature is content with a little, but you with neuer so much. Therefore couetous rich men may well bee called the sonnes of the Earth because they hunt after nothing but earth. What need you be couetous? Hath not God giuen you himselfe, what need you haue any more? If God cannot suffice you, what can satisfie you? As for externall riches they are more fugitiue than Chymists Quicksiluer, or the most notorious Vagabond. *Christmas to the Cure, mudgin.*

He inherits nothing that loseth Christ, hee loseth nothing that possesseth Christ. Will you possesse him, let the poore possesse some of your wealth? Wilt thou lose nothing, then put it to a spirituall interest, let the poore borrow some of thee? Here on earth thou hast but eight for a hundred, which is most sinfull vse; but with the poore thou shalt haue a hundred for eight, which is a most heauenly interest. He that doth bestow his benenolence on the poore, doth not lose, but get; and by scattering his bread on the waters, doth gather and increase. By keeping them you doe not possesse them, or by dispersing them, lose them. Gold and siluer are good, not

that they can make you good, but that you may doe good. How can money be better lent than to the poore, for thy Lord and Master will be bound to see it paid him again: but he is a surety from Vsurers will take. What is gold, but yellow rubbish? What is siluer, but white drosse? and nothing makes them precious but contentednesse. Gold is a scatter of labour, disquiet, feare: it doth possesse vs: It is an ill master, a worse seruant. Bee not a slaue then to your slaue, but curtaine your wish some part of it, relieue those that follow me, store your boords and load them with well-fild dishes, so shall you crowne your selfe with all our blessings.

Note.

Anagram. Penus a cui pena.

My Oratory would doe no good, my Physicke would not worke: blessings he regarded as much as a true Protestant will the Aue beads of the holy Father the Pope: for without any verball answer hee thrust mee and my company out of doores without saying Farewell.

Thus was poore *Christmas* vsed, which made me and my consorts looke very blanke vpon the matter: so we wandred vp and downe from house to house but found little comfort. Some would onely smile on me, another aske me how I did, and giue me a cup of small Beere and a crust, and so farewell: a fourth, that laid all on his backe, would not looke on me: so away went wee still iagging on. At last I cast vp my dimme eyes, and I saw a house where for foure or fiue yeares together I had not beene bountifully, but profusely entertained, for the Master of it did almost furnish me every meale: Away went we thither, and comming to the gate, the grumbling Seruingman (that opened his mouth wider than a trap doore) told me, there was no entertainment for me, but began to raile at me, and said, that his Master was the worse for me by a thousand pounds a yeare, therefore bid me be gone, for he had warrant from his Master to locke me out of doores: telling mee moreouer, if I would speake with his master I must to London, for he was so-

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sourning there, not intending to returne while the Parliament was ended. Well, thought I, if ever good newes the Proclamation that summoned all Gentlemen to their Countries to returne into the Country, would stay him and many others that lye lurking there because they would not be troubled in the Country with their great neighbours. As for my Master, that spent more like three or four yeare, than five is able to get together againe in three or foure; I did not enquire that expence. Could I helpe his error and excesse? I did see to what no good I came to see men bountifull, was prodigall: I mark, curious him to luxury; I thought what would become of his prodigality. He was prodigall because he would be accounted a good house-keeper. A good house-keeper? O simplicity! that for keeping three or foure prodigall and lavish feasts, he should make himselfe a beggar for ever after. I think indeed now that a good house is able to keepe him, than be a good house-keeper, no, they are the meanes that undoe, no man can live without them, though few have them. What cause had your Master to feast all the richest in the Country, and at one sumptuous and superfluous supper, to consume more than would relieve a Parish of poore folke a quarter? In this charity? No, no. But I thinke your Master doth scarce know where he may reade this: His silsome, glutterous, and incestuous Feasts, did presage ill fate. It grieved me first to see them, now to know it. Is it charity to feast and glease the fat Country Boores, I meane the rich chuffes that have enough in their barnes to relieve themselves and their poore neighbours? This kils, not cures charity. Gluttonous Feasts cost much, doe little good, much hurt. They mingle Earth, Heaven, Sea, and Aire in their bellies at one sitting. What Fowle soever flies in the Aire, what Beast soever treades on the Earth, what Fish soever swimmes in the Sea, and what liquor drinke,

Wines, and ſtrong Waters ſoeuer, (that are of fiery natures) we barrell vp in our bellies at one dinner or ſupper: So that the confuſion of theſe Elements cannot chooſe but beget diuers tempeſts in vs, which like earthquakes continually ſhake our bodies by the ariſing of hot and fiery vapours from our ſtomackes. So that if Nature could finde her tongue now, as in the dayes of *Ouid*, ſhee would complaine once more to *Ioue* of her wrongs: for is it not againſt Nature to ſee fiſhes that ſhould ſwimme in the Seas, firſt ſwimme in wine vinegar, then in wine, being ſo ſcorcht, carbonadoed, ſows'd, and ſo martyred, that when it comes to the Table, a man cannot iudge whether it be fiſh or fleſh? Then to haue another diſh brought to the boord couer'd ouer with an inundation of Vinegar, Oyle, and Pepper? Is it not againſt Nature to haue pounds of Butter roſted, whoſe Cooking with white-bread, Cinamond and Sugar will coſt more than halfe a dozen Milch-Kine will yeeld in a weeke? Is it not againſt Nature to haue Mutton larded with Ambergreece, and breaſted with Ciuet? To haue Birds come to the Table lim'd to the diſh with viſcous and clammy ſawces, faſter than they were before in the Fowlers lime-twigs? And to haue many of theſe inuented and made diſhes come to a Table, doe you thinke it would not make Nature complaine? Yes, yes; for all this doth no good to Charity. And it is no wonder, as the Philoſopher ſaith, why ſo ſuddenly we dye, ſeeing we line by Deaths. Some will out-Epicure *Geta* the Emperour, that had his Table furniſh'd with diſhes according to the Alphabet: ſome againe almoſt as glutonous as *Theorinus Chius*, that hauing deuoured at one bit, a liue fiſh, ſaid that hee had ſwallowed heauen: To whom one anſwered, that he wanted one thing, which was to drinke off the Sea at a draught; now if hee had but remembred to bid him eat the earth inſtead of bread, he had made a pretty meale of it. Alas, alas, this luxuri-

ous-

ouſneſſe kils as many as Phyſicke. Let *Chriſtmas* be at a feaſt where is good ſtore of good cheere, but not too dainty or coſtly, but ſuch as a mans owne yard or paſture affords: where the Tables are fill'd with gueſts, not rich, but poore; not ſo few as the Graces, that are onely three; or no more than the Muſes, nine; for a feaſt ought to be abſolute for all commers.

I am of his minde, for if I haue a moderate preparation of meat and drinke, honeſt mirth, good welcome, and a cup of good Wine or Beere; I care not for ſet Suppers, high Maſticke, complementall Cringies. No, no, if your maſter had but began thus moderately, he need not now to haue taken the City ouer his head to hide himſelfe from me. But he is not the firſt that hath done ſo, (though that bee no excuſe for him) I would he might be the laſt, for I and my followers fare the worſe for him and ſuch profuſe Prodigals.

So away went I and my traine, hauing little comfort yet as you may perceiue, but as wee were walking and talking of our bad fortune, wee might perceiue a plaine Country man come towards vs: hee had high-ſhooes on that look'd as blacke as a Bullice, white ſtockings made of the woell of his owne Sheepe, gray Trunke-hoſe, with all accoutriments belonging to this Country plainenеſſe: As ſoone as hee came ſomewhat nigh mee, he began to ſalute mee and bid mee welcome into the Country, telling me if it pleaſed me I ſhould be welcome to his houſe: So without many circumſtances I tooke his proffer, and with my (now) merry mates went toward his Farme, which was not farre off. As ſoone as we came into the yard (well ſtored with Poultrey) the Farmer himſelfe ſhooke me by the hand, and bid all the reſt welcome. The Dame of the houſe dreſt vp in her houſe-ſpunne Gowne, came to meet me; the Maid-ſeruants reioyced to ſee mee, and the Plow-mens hearts leap'd in their ſtraw-colour'd letherd Doublets for ioy *A Farmer.*

of my approach. Then with all Country ſolemnity I was had into the Parlour and ſet downe by a good fire. I was preſented with a cup of browne Ale, ſeaſoned with Sinamon, Nutmegs, and Sugar. When dinner was ready, I was ſet at the vpper end of the Table, my owne company ſet round about me, and the reſt eat with the ſeruants. We had Brawne of their owne feeding, Beefe of their owne killing; wee had braue plum broth in bole-diſhes of a quart. The White-loafe ranne vp and downe the Table, like a Bowle in an Alley, euery man might haue a fling at him: the March-Beere march'd vp and downe, and wee were all merry without the helpe of any Muſicians. We had good cheere, and good welcome which was worth all: for the Good-man of the houſe did not looke with a ſower or ſtoicall brow, but was full of mirth and alacrity, ſo that it made the houſe merry.

A, ha, quoth I, this is ſomething like, our dinner is better than our breakfaſt, this is as *Chriſtmas* would haue it, here is neither too delicate cheere, which doth coſt much, or will cauſe ſurfeits, or too little or meane, but ſuch as will kill hunger. They are the beſt feaſts where the poore are relieued, the rich are able to helpe themſelues.

Dinner being done, Grace being ſaid, the Cloth taken away, the poore refreſh'd, wee went to the fire: before which, lay ſtore of Apples piping hot, expecting a bole of Ale to coole themſelues in. Euening Prayer drew nigh, ſo we all repaired to Church, where I heard my ſelfe much ſpoken of, but after Seruice was done, few reſpected me: ſome indeed, inuited me to their houſes, but I thought my entertainment would not bee worth my labour, conſidering my company: ſo went I home againe with my honeſt Hobnaile-wearer, with whom I paſt the time away in diſcourſe while ſupper, which being ended, wee went to Cards. Some ſung Carrols,

merry

merry songs, some againe to wasse the long nights, would tell Winter-tales. At last came ina company of Maids with Wassell, Wassell, iolly Wassell: I tasted of their Cakes, and sup'd of their Bole: and for my sake, the White-loafe and Cheese were set before them, with Mince-Pies, and other meat. These being gone, the iolly younkes and plaine dealing Plow-swaines, being weary of Cards, fell to dancing: from dancing to shew me some Gambols, some ventured the breaking of their shinnes to make me sport, some the scalding of their lippes to catch at Apples tyed at the end of a sticke, having a lighted candle at the other; some stod the wilde Mare; some at hotcockles, and the like. These Country reuels expiring with the night, early in the morning we all tooke our leaue of them, being loth to be too troublesome; and rendring them vnfained thanks for our good cheere (who still desired that we would stay with them a little longer) wee instantly trauelled towards the City.

Being entred into it, we saw very few look with a smiling countenance on vs, but a few Prentices or Iourneymen that were trick'd vp in their Holliday cloathes; but we coniectured their Maisters were not vp, or else wee could not goe so farre vnbidden. At last the Bels began to ring, euery house-holder began to bestirre himselfe, the Maid-seruants wee saw run hurrying to the Cookes shops with Pies, and the Iacks went as nimbly as any of the wiues tongues: and before we were aware, whole Parishes of people came to inuite vs to dinner: Some tooke me by the hands and would haue me his guest, another tooke Saint *Stephen*; a third, Saint *Iohn*; a fourth, *Childermasse*; but *New-yeares* day was welcome to them all, especially to the rich; but all this while the poore was not look'd on, they were not inuited: It grieued me, as it did them (poore soules) and I spake as much as I could for them; but I was answered, the Parish had taken

taken order for the poore already, and that their houſes were onely for their friends, and not Beggers; and for my part, if I would ſtay with them for a weeke or ſo, I ſhould bee as welcome to them as any of their rich neighbours.

Alas, alas, ſaid I, is Charity as well as Conſcience baniſh'd out of your freedome? How can you make me truly welcome, except the poore feed with me? It doth me more good to ſee a priſoner releas'd, and the poore man relieued, than taſte of your daintieſt meat. Yet I will confeſſe I haue ſeene many famous and memorable deeds done by well-diſpoſed Citizens; the Hoſpitals and other charitable houſes can witneſſe it, and that ſome in theſe daies follow the foot-ſteps of their predeceſſors; *but the preſent* compared to thoſe paſt, are no more in compariſon than the leaſt Starre to the Sunne, or a Glo-worme to a Starre. Charity in thoſe times was in her youth, in her prime, in her perfect ripeneſſe; now ſhee is old, decrepit, and lame: for ſhe is ſeldome ſeene walking in the ſtreets, ſhee is now onely an Vmbra, a Shadow, a Ghoſt: her ſubſtance is vaniſh'd; nay, ſhee is dead: And will you know when ſhee died? I will tell you, When Prodigality, Drunkenneſſe, and Exceſſe began to liue, then ſhe died; their generation was her deſtruction. When Prodigality ſpent as much one day as would keepe her a moneth; when Pride wore as many cloathes on her backe as would cloath an Hoſpitall of fatherleſſe children; when Drunkenneſſe ſwallowed, in the whirlepoole of his belly, more drinke at one draught than would quench the thirſts of many poore children; when Gluttony ſpent more at one meale than would content many hungry *Lazars*; when Farmers began to make their ſonnes Gentlemen, and young Gentlemen began to be deuoured by Vſurers: then, then, Charity lay on her ſicke-bed, nay, on her death-bed. Will you know when ſhe was in her perfect health? I will tell you.

When charity begun to ſicken.

When in her prime.

When

When Gentlemen did not know what a yard of Sattin, Velvet, Cloth of Gold, or Tissue is worth; when gold and silver lace were not seen in Cheap-side; when Beuer-Hats, blew, red, yellow, and greene Stuffe were not worne; when Lords went in good Cloth, and their Seruingmen in good Frize, or Stuffe; when the Gentry did not know what did belong to Tobacco, Anchouies, Chauiare, and Pickled-Oysters; when such walking-Spirits as Foot-boyes and Pages went inuisible; when we went not hurrying along the streets in their French Carts, as fast as if the Diuell had beene the Coach-man: then, then, Charity was well, was in health, and look'd cheerefully.

The Romane Catholikes boast they haue Charity liuing with them (which they reuerence as much as they doe their Saints) by which, with the helpe of good works they hope to merite. Alas, alas, they are deceiued, their Charity will doe them little good, except they haue the helpe of her elder sister, Faith. Therefore I thinke it not amisse, if the Romanists would borrow some of our Faith for some of their Charity and good deeds, for wee want one, as much as they doe the other.

But I beginne to bee weary with talking thus to no purpose: Therefore *England*, beautifull, fruitfull, and yet blessed Land, take heed lest thy Gluttony, Pride, and Excesse, Couetousnesse, Bribery, and Extortion, haue that Adamantine force to pull downe Heauens Iudgements on thee as they did on *Sodome*. Thou art as sumptuous as that City was, be not thou so sinfull. Before it was burnt it was compared to a Garden, nay, to a Paradise for the neat and pleasant scituation, and the happy plentifulnesse of all things: But now it is a place destitute of water and fruit; onely, there are such growing, that onely delight the eye, but deride the touch and taste; for on those stinking and burnt bankes, grow Apples, that being touch't fall in dust. Thou maist be so,

thou wilt be so, except some of thy fulnesse haue vent toward the poore.

Thou art such a fortunate Iland, that Histrographers write of, blest with an excellent temperature of Ayre, and singular Clemencie of Heauen: where about March, the Spring begins to cloath the earth in a Summer liuery. Heauen is bountifull and patient, bee thou penitent and thankfull.

But as I was going forward with my Admonition, they stop'd my mouth by their entreating me to be their guest for three or foure daies: so for such a small quantitie of time, I bestowed my selfe among them. But I was the most royallest, noblest, and worthiliest entertained at Court, Innes of Court and Temples, where I was resident while Candlemas, and then left this Land.

FINIS.

A *Christmas* CARROLL,
To the tune of Poore TOM.

REioyce, reioyce, this day is come
Saluation vnto Christendome:
All that will heare their blest Redeemers voyce,
Let them all with mirth reioyce, reioyce.
The Sauiour of the world is borne,
To ransome vs that were forlorne:
He left the Heauens, and came to vs on earth,
And from a blessed Virgins wombe had birth.
Here a mighty mystery well was wrought,
whose depth no man can gather;
A Mayden-mother pure, a Sonne forth brought,
and no man was the father:
God aboue, with peace and loue,
The sinfull world possessed
With heauenly treasure, past all measure,
Who is euer blessed.
He this day to Grace a feast,
sent his Sonne to be a Guest:
Let vs then, like thankfull men
giue entertainment to him:
And let vs still with heart and will,
our best of seruice doe him:

Himselfe for vs he hath giuen,
to draw vs from earth to heauen.
Therefore for all his paine,
let's giue him our selues againe.

TO wipe away our sinnes great summes,
Gods Sonne and heire in person comes;
He left his glorious and Immortall throne,
and vnderneath his Fathers curse did groane:
Downe from the heauens to the earth he came,
to honour vs he tooke our shame;
He suffer'd death that we might liue thereby,
and through his merits reigne eternally.
Seeing he hath with his precious blood
wash'd cleare our foule offences,
How can we render any thing
that may be recompences,
Since we may not any way
giue any thing worth taking;
Or all that can be done by man,
no satisfaction making:
Let vs doe as Dauid *sayes,*
giue him honour, laud and praise.
Let Christmas *day put vs in minde,*
that Christ was borne this day:
Let's entertaine him here, that we
may entertaine him aye.
That we all with one heart and desire,
amidst the Celestiall Quire
All honour and praise may sing,
to Christ our heauenly King.

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